

## Vanilla Perfume | Braeden Percy Huereca

Sickly sweet perfume hits my nostrils in a wave  
 It's familiar, familial  
 and again, it coats my lungs  
 until I'm coughing and bleeding.  
 it's tight and all-consuming  
 your signature scent.

I give bread and blood  
 to keep this light and happy.  
 Brush my hair in thirty six strokes  
 and sit still when the dishes go flying.  
 If I inch, if I move, you'll go canary  
 and your voice will shatter my innards.

Carved from ceramic, your mouth doesn't move  
 the frown engraved in your skin  
 beneath a creamy-soft foundation.  
 What do I have to do, to think,  
 for you to finally crack apart  
 and smile at me?

I would dance to it, this life.  
 Los boleros y golpeadas  
 con bachata y sangre sagrada.  
 I would be the good child this time,  
 my oles and spirit bruising blueblack  
 and settling only when your eyes shift and crinkle

Finally, there,  
 for a second or more:  
 a movement,  
 a break,  
 a light

a sign of feeling